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My Song.

How shall I pray?
God knows alway,
Better than I can say,
The needs of every day.

I know that He
My way can see,
Hidden though it may be,
By His great love from me;

And still when I
Unto Him cry,
His wisdom will deny
Even my agony.

I cannot pray
My God to stay
His will, though me it slay
Better His all-wise way.

Nor heaven assail
With plaint or wail;
He knows my piteous tale—
My spirit's sore travail;

For His is this
Stern rod I kiss,
And this blest staff is His,
Whence all my comfort is.

I hold, though ill
My urn o'erfill,
Blest joy is suffering still,
If that it be His will.

My one song's tone
Be, though o'erthrown,
Broken, and lost, and lone,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

What need to pray,
Other than say
Through each care-burdened day,
"Thy will be done," alway?

For, wait awhile,
And grieve and grieve
Are lost in Time's exile,
And lo! instead, God's smile.

For the Myrtle.

Letter From the Mountains.

WENTWORTH, N. H., Aug. 10, 1870.



Y other letter to the *Myrtle* was dated at Mt. Kearsage, near Andover. Since then, some of the more northerly mountains of the Granite State have been visited.

The travellers to these mountain regions are to be met with on every hand. The rail-road cars and hotels all along through the state are filled with them. Most

of them are from our large cities, and intend to spend a month or more out of cities, if not out of crowds. But if they desire to enjoy quiet or rest they must seek these blessings somewhere else than at the large hotels. Private boarding houses in the country are the most comfortable places for those who seek relief from excitement.

From the White-River Junction in Vermont, we go to Lancaster on the railroad; thence by stage to Waumbek House in Jefferson, N. H. This locality is north of the White Mountains, and commands a view of from thirty to fifty miles, overlooking the White, Franconia and Green-Mountain ranges. Near the hotel are the Jefferson Meadows, with Cheery Mountain at the south. The hotel itself is situated on the side of Mount Starr King (formerly Mount Pliny), named in honor of the lamented clergyman and author who regarded this spot as one of the most attractive of any in this mountain region.

A bright morning comes, and now for a ride to

the top of Mount Washington. There it is in the distance standing above all other peaks, with a white-cloud cap on its head. But that will be brushed away by the mountain breezes before noon. The wind is strong north west, and the day will be one of the best for visiting the mountain tops. We leave the hotel in a light carriage at an early hour, with a volunteer driver who is himself a native of this mountain land and in whose company we find an additional pleasure to be reckoned in with the many others of the day's experiences. Along the meadows, over the roughest of hills and now and then the most uneven of roads, passing often the pure and sparkling waters of the Amonoosuck, busy in our chatting, regaled by the bird-songs, and lingering now and then to pick a few of the rich, ripe raspberries that line the road, we arrive at the railroad station at the base of Mount Washington. We have come seventeen miles from Jefferson; it is now three miles by the railroad to the summit. *By railroad*, we write, for by that conveyance we reached the top of the old sovereign of these mountains on that day.

We had never tried this method of ascent as it is opened before us here. Should we not be intimidated at the thought of climbing so steep a road by rail as was cast up here? Should we not shrink from being suspended in this solitary car so many thousands of feet above these valleys and river-beds of the north? We found no such trouble. Never was there a roadway more firmly or carefully built than this. The chief safety of the car and engine is the middle rail between the two common ones which we see on all other roads. This middle rail is called "Jacob's Ladder." It is made of the strongest of wrought iron, and is so constructed as to receive the cog-wheels that are fixed to the engine and car. These wheels move so slowly and steadily and firmly onward, and seem to have so strong a grip upon the large irons across the "ladder," that a sense of security seems to be the first feeling that comes over us. Going up or coming down it is the same. Just so fast, no hesitancy, such is the movement. Instead of alarm or consternation among the passengers there is every evidence of satisfaction. We see one man quietly sleeping while we are in this condition more than five thousand feet in mid air. What an easy kind of body he must be. But we can do better than sleep. Our eyes are busy in surveying the scenery so wonderfully

grand and sublime stretching into the dim and misty distance everywhere around us.

And here we are, after a ride of an hour and a half, at the Tip-Top House on Mount Washington, six thousand two hundred and eighty-five feet above the level of the sea. It was hot August at the base of the mountain; it is like the first of November here at the summit. Wrappers and shawls are in good use. At the base we found ourselves surrounded with every indication of the Temperate Zone; here, as we near the summit, we find the flora of the region of Labrador. The visitors are scattered about upon the grey and mossy rocks, picking up rocks and stunted grasses, surveying the distant scenery, and some of them are lunching with sharp appetites at the "Summit House."

We had near views of the mountain regions, but it was too hazy to discern objects at a great distance. Chocorua, the Franconia and Green Mountains were clearly seen, and Kearsage and the Pickwacket and others at the east of us, the long ranges of the north, while Adams, Jefferson and Clay were directly beneath us. The long valley of the Saco stretching to the southeast looked sunny and green. But it would take another letter, which we cannot now write, to describe all that our eyes are beholding and our souls are enjoying on this grandest of all our mountain heights of New England.

A steady and safe passage down to the railroad station at the base, and another long drive to Jefferson, gave us the sensation such as most journeyers have who have spent a day of such constant movement and sight-seeing as had been ours since the early morning. Again we say, as I began my other letter, "Thanks be to God for mountains!"

J. G. A.

Smoked to Death.

A youth of sixteen fell dead with a cigar in his mouth. What caused his death? The coroner's inquest said, "It was a mysterious act of God." The minister at the funeral consoled the friends by saying much the same thing. Physicians said it was "heart disease," and said nothing about the cause of his disease. A sensible woman, knowing the boy's habits, said, "Tobacco killed him." It deranged the action of the heart; it ceased to beat, and the victim fell. The woman was right.

A Fragment.



LICE is dead ! the sexton said,
Tolling the church bells slow ;
"Nevermore o'er her fair young head
Shall summer breezes blow.

"Beloved by all the village girls,
Blithe as a bounding fawn,
Stranger you never saw such curls !
But Alice, the good, is gone.

"She was the drunkard's child, you know,
We found her dead last night ;
Thro' broken panes had drifted snow,
Over her face so white.

"Her mother died—a broken heart,
Hard work and scanty food—
From him we ne'er could Alice part,
She was so true and good.

"Sometimes she led her father home
From out the tavern door ;
And hunting him she oft did roam
The dark streets o'er and o'er."

I paused : the little fun'ral train
Was coming down the street ;
It ne'er may be my lot again
To look on face so sweet.

Her hands were folded on her breast,
No look of pain or care
Disturbed the beauty of her rest,
Or marred the face so fair.

But hush ! I hear another come,
It is her father ; now
He reels and staggers with the rum
That cloudeth brain and brow.

"Come back, dear Alice !" loud he calls,
And kneels the bier beside ;
"The night is dark, your father calls—
Come back my hope and pride !"

He's sober now, he sees his child
And knows she does not hear ;
"O, God forgive !" his accents wild
Are those of awful fear.

He cast the demon spell away—
Long years have passed since then ;
His words of fire rung out to-day,
To warn his fellow men.

The Two Swans.



NCE there were two white swans who
had a home on a little pond. In the
middle of this pond there was an island,
and on this island grew an old tree, and
behind the old tree the swans had a snug little
house.

The swans led a happy life. There were no
bad boys to throw stones at them : but, at times,
four kind children—brothers and sisters—would
row round the pond in a little boat, and look at

the swans, and give them crumbs of bread to
eat.

White lilies showed their heads on the pond,
and of these the children would pluck a few, and
take them home to their parents, who loved the
smell of pond-lilies.

But one day a black duck flew down on to the
pond where the swans had their home—and this
duck must have known the language of swans,
for he told them of a fine, large lake, where they
would have much more room to swim, and plenty
to eat.

Now one of these swans was named "Crystal,"
and the other was named "Snowflake." Crystal
was a wise swan, but Snowflake didn't have good
sense.

"I would like to go on a fine, large lake, where
we have more room to swim than here, and plenty
to eat." That is what Snowflake, the foolish
swan, said.

But Crystal said : "We have plenty of room
here to swim in, and we have plenty of food to
eat. Why should we go farther and fare worse ?

But Snowflake said, "The black duck has
seen a good deal of the world, and I mean to go
with him to the large lake."

"You had better ask him first how he became
lame in his right wing," replied Crystal.

But Snowflake did not ask the black duck how
he became lame in his right wing. He went off
with the black duck, and left Crystal all alone.

The children were very sorry when they found
that Snowflake had gone off. Every day they
came and fed Crystal, and petted him, and said
they hoped he would not go off, too.

One cool day in November, as Crystal stood
on the island, at the door of his snug little house,
he heard a cry, and thought to himself, "Why,
that must be Snowflake's voice !"

Yes, it was poor Snowflake. He had gone to
the large lake, and he had not been there long
before he was shot in the right wing.

Crystal went and helped him over the pond to
their snug little house on the island, and Snow-
flake said, "Ah ! Brother Crystal, I wish I had
let well enough alone. Why was I not content
here where I had enough—and more than
enough ? Take my advice, Brother Crystal, and
never give heed to the words of a black duck who
is lame in the right wing.—*Little Sower.*

YOU must look into the heart, not into the
pocket, to know how much a man is worth.



For the Myrtle.

The Photograph.

"I don't see what the picture means," said Tom, in his slow, meditative way.

"Why Tom, how stupid you are," said Bell. "It's a photograph man taking the little cottage and the old woman and the little girl. I'm sure they stand there as if they meant to be taken. I suppose the lady on horseback just came prancing in and the man thought he'd take her too."

"Just as if he could take the photograph of a horse on the full trot. You can't take a photograph unless the object is still, I'm sure I had to sit still so long I thought the man never would be through."

"That's so, I didn't think of that."

"Well then, Miss, don't call me stupid, you always think you can see everything 'first goings off.'"

"That's slang, Tom, and you know mother don't like you to talk slang."

"It isn't slang a bit more than 'that's so,' and you know you said that."

"Well, never mind, it's only a picture, I don't suppose anybody ever did take a horse just so."

"Then why do they want to make believe they did? I think it just as bad as telling a lie."

"You are too lit— What is it Aunt Jane calls it? Too lit—lit— What is it when you believe a thing is meant just exactly as it is said?"

"Literal, you mean, I suppose. Well, I think if a body is going to make a picture, it is best to represent something that did really happen. Now I was reading the other day of a photographer, not a photograph man as you said, who went to take a picture in a forest, away off in France this was. He put up his plates, opened his object glass, and put his case and his head in the huge, dark veil just like this one here, when, as he was taking out his proof from the dark chamber, a rough hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned round, and there stood a great tall fellow who demanded his purse. The photographer knew it was no use to resist, so he gave him his purse, and the robber went off. Then the poor man felt very badly, but happening to cast his eye on the proof, behold there was the whole figure of the robber, so distinct that he knew that by it he could recognize him. So he went to the 'police and told his adventure, showed his plate and the man's likeness. The next day by the help of the picture the robber was found and arrested. Now I call that probable, and that would have made a first rate picture."

"I think so too, Tom."

N. T. M.

The truthful boy will ever be the noble man.



For the Myrtle.

The Children's Lesson.

LOOK out from my window
This clear mid-summer day,
And see five little maidens
All busy at their play;
Four make a tiny garden
And one is raking hay.

Hats thrown back from their foreheads,
Eager as they can be,
These busy little maidens
Beneath the old oak tree,
Are a sight as bright and pretty
As one would wish to see.

While unny little Mabel
 Stands leaning on her spade,
 Maude in among the grasses,
 The dainty little maid,
 Is setting out her wild flowers
 Beneath the oak tree's shade.

And on the ground sits Katy,
 Her hair tossed all about :
 While clasping tight a flower pot,
 Comes Annie with a shout,
 " Just stop a minute, Maudie,
 And set my posie out."

The other little maiden
 So busy making hay,
 If I am not mistaken
 Is pretty Margery Fay.
 " How fares it with thee, Margery,
 This bright mid-summer day? "

She doesn't turn nor heed me,
 The merry little child,
 She's ' making 'b'lieve' a farmer,
 And on the green hill side,
 Is getting in her hay crop
 Lest sudden showers betide.

And Mabel does not heed me,
 Nor Maude, nor earnest Kate,
 Nor Annie with her flower pot;
 These workers cannot wait,
 They're " making b'lieve ' they're gardeners
 And the season is getting late.

So I, the only idler,
 Am fain to turn away,
 Taught this lesson by the children
 This bright, mid-summer day;
 Put thy whole heart in thy doing,
 If it be work or play.

N. T. M.

A Great Crisis.

A BROOD of young ducks had, during their lifetime, been in the habit of taking a daily swim in a silvery brook that laughed and babbled as it danced over rock and among rushes from time immemorial. One morning they came jabbering and quacking to one another as only web-footed animals know how to do, and just as they were about to take their plunge into the clear, cool water, a strange object met their astonished gaze. A monstrous frog, with a green, spotted coat and yellow apron, was sitting in dignified composure on a mossy rock in the middle of the brook.

The ducks set up a tremendous quacking and scolding at the intruder, as they called him, for being so unmannerly and bold as to come to their bath uninvited.

Old Greensides croaked away, not in the least disturbed by his yellow visitors.

"Intruder, indeed!" Is that what you call a person in his own home where he was born?—

and his ancestors, too, for generations back, and where they lived peaceful lives and died respected and lamented? I have borne your visits patiently for weeks, while I have kept myself under the edge of this rock or among the rushes; but now, taunted with being an intruder, I beg you to retire from my premises, and leave me in the peaceable possession I have enjoyed from my tadpole days."

The three yellow ducks ruffled up their fine, silky down at this unlooked-for piece of eloquence, the most timid hiding behind the tall grass, determined to run if any harm came of this confab; one turned its back ready for flight, while the bravest poked his head as far as he considered safe toward the orator, and thus addressed his frogship:

"You are greatly mistaken, sir; this is *our* brook, for my mother told me so. She inherited it from her father and mother, and they from her father and mother, and they from theirs way back ages before frogs were thought of. More than that, it is a necessity; look at our feet—don't you see they are adapted to the brook? and do you mean to say that a mean, cowardly pretender can take it from us?"

"Quack! quack!" went the two little ducks in approval of what their champion had said; but Mr. Frog was not in the least daunted.

"Look at *my* feet, if that is any argument; they were made for water, too, and I shall never look for any other as long as this brook is here."

Both knew they were right, and as neither would yield, they compromised the matter in this way:—Frog didn't care about sailing much, and the ducks did. The ducks didn't want to sit on the rocks and sun themselves, and frog did. He wanted to hide away in the grass and rushes, while the ducks were glad to get through as quickly as possible. After a great deal of fussing and parleying, they began to see that their rights did not conflict at all; that the brook was large enough for all, and the air and sunshine could never be exhausted if a thousand ducks and as many frogs came for it every day.

The world is very much like these foolish animals. We can't all swim, and we don't all want to sun ourselves on the rock; but whatever nature has given us the power to accomplish, let us do it unflinchingly, notwithstanding there are crowds croaking and quacking about our being out of our places.—*Lyceum Banner.*



Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE.

The committee chosen to make arrangements for a S. S. Convention in the autumn, decided that it be held in Waterville on the 16th and 17th of October next. "Other arrangements will be completed as soon as possible, of which due notice will be given. In the mean time, it is hoped that all interested workers in the Sunday School will make arrangements to be present, and do what they can to make the Convention in the highest degree profitable. We wish to become acquainted with the best methods and with the art of teaching and conducting a Sunday School. We wish also to encourage each other in the good work. Let us take counsel together, that we may be mutually benefited and encouraged."

The society in Hiram have a new church, the gift of Miss Susan Spring, a daughter of one of the early settlers of the town. In connection with this society a Sunday School has been organized, numbering eighty-six persons of which Br. S. Hill is superintendent. "The parents make it a point to attend the School every Sabbath in company with their children, whether they have preaching or not. Here they meet in social converse and consult with each other relative to how they shall carry on the good work of the kingdom, and they enjoy it; and all the better when the services of some one has been engaged as preacher. And all this in consequence of the erection of this beautiful little structure by their aged friend. Of course they cannot help experiencing feelings of gratitude to her for this blessing, and of speaking kindly to each other concerning the generous gift she has bestowed. Talk is now had of furnishing a bell, and as frescoing is not costly, and adds very much to the internal beauty of a church, the brethren and sisters are not without hope that, though their audience room is already quite pretty, they shall be able to render it still more so by the aid of the painter's brush. Our cause has some noble-hearted, earnest and excellent friends in Hiram who were never so united and hopeful as now."

OHIO

The parish and Sunday School at Lodie are in a prospering condition. The Sunday School has thirty scholars and a live interest is manifested by both teachers and scholars.

The Sunday School of the Fond du Lac parish recently gave an entertainment that is greatly praised by the local press. It was conducted under the auspices of The Young Helpers, an association of the young people of the parish, and drew largely. The net receipts were \$60.

Many Schools have been closed and many preachers have been away; and after the season of rest let us feel that it is a duty to commence the parish work with renewed zeal. There is a great work to be done. We can all and each of us do a little more for the cause than we have done. The Sunday School needs more teachers and more earnest work. Shall this work be done?

A poor slave was once addressed by a lively gentleman, in a jocular way. "Well, uncle, I hear you have become very religious lately, and I want to know what religion you are of." "Why, massa," said he, "my religion is, to cease to do evil and learn to do well. What religion are you of?" Who could have given a better answer?

"Some Mother's Child."

At home or away, in the valley or street,
Whenever I chance in this wide world to meet,
A girl that is thoughtless, a boy that is wild,
My heart echoes softly, "Tis some mother's child!"

And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold;
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled,
A voice whispers sadly, "Ah! some mother's child!"
No matter how far from the right she hath strayed,
No matter what inroads dishonor hath made;
No matter what element cankered the pearl;
Though tarnished and sullied, she's some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have been;
No matter how deep he is sunken in sin;
No matter how low is his standard of joy—
Though guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.
That head hath been pillowed on tenderest breast;
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed;
That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and mild.
For her sake, deal gently with "some mother's child,"

The Beautiful Flowers.

In calling the attention of his hearers to the flowers, Jesus said, "I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The clothing of Solomon was very rich, for he was a king; but take the richest clothing, and look at it attentively, and then look even at common flowers, and you will say that they are much more beautiful than the clothing. And now take the microscope and look through that, and behold a greater difference still. This rich cloth looks coarse and rough when magnified. But it is not so with the flowers. The more they are magnified the more beautiful they appear. Even the most common flowers which we think of as weeds, are beautiful when we come to examine them. Think of this young reader, as you walk in the gardens and fields where flowers are.

The Christian Summer.

The world is bright and beautiful. So we think as we enjoy the glorious summer days that have now come to us. Yes, the world is bright and lovely in its outward aspects now. But what makes it most attractive and glorious? We can truly answer, a light that is "above the brightness of the sun." Christ is this light. He himself said, "I am the light of the world." Without him we should be in darkness. We should not know the way to God, to holiness and happiness. He is the sun who comes up in the heavens to make glorious summer upon our earth; to pour out his heavenly radiance, and cause righteousness and truth to spring forth in all the nations. Let us praise God for this great day of the gospel which is now shining upon us; for this summer time which Jesus brings to man.

Cruelty to Animals.

We ought to be thankful that so much attention is given in these days to the treatment of dumb animals. There are but few who realize how this disgraceful evil abounds. Horses and oxen are too often most wickedly treated when doing work for men. Cattle and sheep are too often crowded into cars so closely while going long distances, as to die of pressure or exhaustion. Even the wild beasts in menageries are tortured during the exhibition of them to spectators. It is said that the old elephant "Romeo" lately died in consequence of the most savage usage on the part of his keepers. It is a good sign,—it is a sign that men are becoming more Christianized than ever,—when they are turning their attention to this evil and are trying to cure it. Christianity is opposed to all cruelty.



Life of our Saviour.

LESSON CIL.

PARABLE OF THE TEN VIRGINS.

"In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

SCRIPTURE. — Math. xxv. 1-13.

Question. — To what were some of the events at the passing away of the Jewish state and the establishment of Christ's kingdom be likened?

Answer. — Math. xxv. 1.

Q. — What was the character of these virgins?

A. — Math. xxv. 2.

NOTE. The virgins represented the professed followers of Christ at that time. A part of them are represented not as sinful, but as foolish. They would foolishly neglect to observe the warnings Jesus had given them.

Q. — In what particular were five of them foolish?

A. — Math. xxv. 3.

NOTE. That is, they took no surplus or extra oil to feed their torches in case the bridegroom should be very long in coming.

Q. — What did the virgins do while awaiting the coming of the bridegroom?

A. — Math. xxv. 5.

Q. — What was the condition of the lamps of the foolish virgins, by that time?

A. — Math. xxv. 8.

Q. — What request did they make of their wise companions?

A. — Math. xxv. 9.

Q. — What happened while they went to procure oil?

A. — Math. xxv. 10.

Q. — When they returned and sought an entrance to the marriage, what was said to them?

A. — Math. xxv. 12.

NOTE. The great changes about to take place would be attended by great commotions and violence. Jesus instructed his disciples how to escape the dangers. But some would be foolishly neglectful of the signs he had given, and although they were his followers, would share the fate of those who did not believe. The wise who escaped were to be the salt of the earth, the leaven by which it should be leavened. We are reaping of the fruit of their watchfulness.



Puzzle.

A son whose mother suffered sore with thirst;
A gleaner faithful to her humble trust;
The queen who disobeyed the royal word;
A name obtained by wrestling with the Lord;
One on whose wife an awful judgment fell;
He who deceived a man who served him well;
An elder brother who his birthright sold;
A son of promise, born to parents old;
A wife who least was loved though first was wed;
A faithful prophet, by the ravens fed;
A priest promised to God before his birth;
A patriarch whom God took from the earth;
A prophet who Christ's coming did foretell;
A Jewish queen who served her people well.
Now, children, if to hunt you have a mind,
These persons you will in the Bible find;
And their initials, each in order spell
A name we hope you'll learn to love right well.

Enigma.

My first, the man who led the Israelites through the wilderness.

My second, Adam's grandson.

My third, Abraham's father.

My fourth, the mother of Samuel.

My fifth, smitten by the hand of God.

My sixth, the richest and wisest man.

My seventh, a man fed by ravens.

My eighth, Noah's father.

My ninth, Noah's grandson.

My whole the oldest man on record.

Bible Questions.

1. What old warrior was slain in the tabernacle, and buried in his own house?
2. What soldier saved King David from being killed by a giant?
3. Who slew six hundred men with an ox-goad?

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